

Chapter 133 Forced to Sign an Agreement with Xander

Xander's words directly caught Isabel by the throat.

Isabel looked at the emerald guardian angel pendant in front of the man, bit her lower lip, closed her eyes, and slightly opened her red lips, looking as if she was ready to face death.

Seeing Isabel's obedient and docile appearance, as if she were allowing him to pick her like a flower, Xander couldn't help but swallow, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat.

Especially the way the girl's slightly exposed canine teeth seemed to beckon to him. It was as if they were inviting him in, igniting a fire within him.

Although his methods weren't upright, if he did not enjoy the prey that was delivered to his mouth, was he still a man?

His thin lips drew closer, pressing against hers. His eyes were half-closed in a daze as he focused on her every reaction and expression, unwilling to miss a single detail.

Ten minutes later, Isabel reached up and placed a hand on the man's shoulder, weakly pushing him away.

Noticing that she was out of breath, Xander reluctantly pulled away, releasing her.

Isabel raised a hand to rub her lips, casting a silent, exasperated glare at him. Was he treating her like chewing gum? If his mouth were any bigger, would he have tried to swallow her whole?

She moved her mouth, the taste of blood lingering faintly, and there was a lingering pain.

"Did you die starving in your past life?"

"Yeah, I did." The man gave a satisfied smile, clearly pleased with his handiwork.

Isabel was at a loss for words.

She reached up to push the man away, but in the next moment, his large hand gripped hers.

"You still want more?" Xander asked, his voice low, as he pressed her hand against his chest. "Or maybe you'd prefer something different?"

Feeling the strong chest and the ups and downs make people inexplicably restless.

Isabel curled her fingers. "The emerald guardian angel pendant. You can give it to me now."

If it weren't for that pendant, she wouldn't have made such a sacrifice.

In the past, when she and Xander had worked together for their little act, there had been moments of affection—kisses, hugs—but even then, it was always brief, just a touch like a fleeting butterfly kiss, never going deeper.

During their moment just now, Isabel had an overwhelming sense of being devoured.

"Okay," Xander said, taking off the pendant and handing it to Isabel.

Isabel fought to contain the surge of excitement inside her as she gently caressed the pendant.

Xander narrowed his dark, penetrating eyes, watching her without blinking.

Isabel placed the pendant around her neck. "It's getting late. I should head back now."

Having achieved her goal, Isabel didn't hesitate—she turned and walked away.

But just as she was about to leave, Xander grabbed her wrist.

Isabel glanced back, eyes narrowing in suspicion. Before she could speak, Xander's voice cut through the silence. "I'll give it to you, but only for one night."

"What?" Isabel's eyes widened in disbelief as she stared at him, her shock quickly turning into simmering anger.

"Are you playing with me?"

So, after all that, the emerald guardian angel pendant was only hers for one night?

"Hold on, don't be angry," Xander quickly interjected. "I'm not trying to play games with you. It's just ... This pendant was left to me by someone I know, a familiar acquaintance."

Isabel was caught off guard by his explanation, her anger fading as curiosity took over. She couldn't help but ask, "An acquaintance? You know the person who owns the emerald guardian angel pendant?"

Isabel didn't know what connection the emerald guardian angel pendant had to her past, but the pendant felt oddly familiar. Now that it was close to her, worn against her skin, it felt as though it had always belonged to her.

"Yeah, its original owner is already dead," Xander said, his eyes carefully studying Isabel's reaction as he spoke.

"Dead?!" Isabel gasped, her voice filled with shock. She quickly pressed on, "What was the name of the original owner?"

Seeing Isabel's eagerness to know, Xander began to ponder.

Why is she so eager to know? Could there be a connection between the Zimmermans and the Nelsons?

It seems unlikely.

If there had been, Leo's investigation would have uncovered it.

What exactly was Isabel trying to find out?

"Do you know the owner of this pendant?" Xander asked, his eyes narrowing as he looked at Isabel.

Uh-oh! Isabel silently cursed herself. Her reaction had been too strong, raising Xander's suspicions.

"How could I know? I'm just curious, asking out of curiosity," she replied quickly.

Xander narrowed his eyes, but he didn't plan on calling out the lie.

"Because you were just asking out of curiosity, I won't say any more. The deceased is gone, and I'd rather not bring it up again."

No, please!

Isabel's mind raced, but she carefully masked any hint of her desperation to know more.

There was no way to continue pressing Xander on the matter now. Even though the emerald guardian angel pendant was in her possession, she couldn't just walk away.

She had family, friends, and this new identity. She couldn't run away even if she wanted to!

"Oh, in that case, I won't ask anymore," Isabel said, pretending to lose interest.

"Well, I'm going to bed then."

"Hold on."

What now?

Isabel's patience was quickly wearing thin.

Xander saw through her quickly, thinking to himself that this woman would turn her back once she got what she wanted. He couldn't let her keep the pendant for too long. Otherwise, she might just take it and disappear with it.

"If you want to keep wearing it, you can."

Isabel's eyes lit up for a brief moment before she regained her composure.

"Is there a condition?"

He couldn't help but admire her quick wit. It was one of the things that had drawn him to her in the first place.

"I'll let you keep it, but you have to promise me you won't leave for three years."

Three years? Was he trying to tie her down here?

Isabel lowered her eyes, lost in thought, her hand still gripping the emerald guardian angel pendant around her neck.

After a long pause, she made her choice.

One year. No more than that. After that, we can talk."

That was her limit. Any longer, and she wasn't sure she could bear it.

It wasn't that she disliked being here or that Xander was bad. On the contrary, he had been more than kind to her. The problem was, the longer she stayed, the more she feared she'd be tempted, and once that happened, she might never leave.

One year ... So short? Xander took a deep breath.

"Alright. But we need to sign a contract."

Then, Xander pulled paper and a pen from the drawer and began drafting an agreement for Isabel to stay for one year, with the condition that she couldn't leave.

"Sign it."

Isabel briefly read it before signing and left with the emerald guardian angel pendant still around her neck.

Xander picked up the pen and added "00" after the "1."

A smirk curled at the corners of his lips, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

As Isabel stepped out, she stopped in her tracks. "Huh?" She turned back, looking at the door that had just closed behind her.

"I could have sworn the contract used numerical, not in word form. He wouldn't add a zero, would he?"

It seems unlikely. Though he is shameless, I don't think he'll go that far.

She tilted her head, reassuring herself, "I must be overthinking it."

Just as she thought this, a hand suddenly landed on her shoulder.